

*Edile.* The peoples Enemy is gone, is gone.

*All.* Our enemy is banish'd, he is gone: Hoo, oo.

*Sicin.* Go see him out at Gates, and follow him  
As he hath follow'd you, with all despite  
Give him deseru'd vexation. Let a guard  
Attend vs through the City.

*All.* Come, come, let's see him out at gates, come:  
The Gods preferue our Noble Tribunes, come. *Exeunt.*

## Actus Quartus.

*Enter Coriolanus, Volumnia, Virgilia, Menenius, Cominius,  
with the young Nobility of Rome.*

*Corio.* Come leaue your teares: a brief farewell: the beast  
With many heads butts me away. Nay Mother,  
Where is your ancient Courage? You were vs'd  
To say, Extremities was the trier of spirits,  
That common chancies. Common men could beare,  
That when the Sea was calme, all Boats alike  
Shew'd Mastership in floating. Fortunes blowes,  
When most strooke home, being gentle wounded, craues  
A Noble cunning. You were vs'd to load me  
With Precepts that would make inuincible  
The heart that conn'd them.

*Virg.* Oh heaues! O heaues!

*Corio.* Nay, I prythee woman.

*Vol.* Now the Red Pestilence strike al Trades in Rome,  
And Occupations perish.

*Corio.* What, what, what:

I shall be lou'd when I am lack'd. Nay Mother,  
Resume that Spirit, when you were wont to say,  
If you had bene the Wife of Hercules,  
Six of his Labours you'd haue done, and sau'd  
Your Husband so much sweet. *Cominius,*  
Doope not, Adieu: Farewell my Wife, my Mother,  
He do well yet. Thou old and true *Menenius,*  
Thy teares are faster than a yonger mans,  
And venomous to thine eyes. My (sometime) General,  
I haue scene the Sterne, and thou hast oft beheld  
Heart-hardning spectacles. Tell these sad women,  
'Tis fond to waile inuincible strokes,  
As 'tis to laugh at 'em. My Mother, you wot well  
My hazards still haue bene your solace, and  
Belceut not lightly, though I go alone  
Like to a lonely Dragon, that his Feme  
Makes fear'd, and talk'd of more then scene: your Sonne  
Will or exceed the Common, or be caught  
With cautelous baits and practice.

*Volum.* My first sonne,

Whether will thou go? Take good *Cominius*  
With thee awhile: Determine on some course  
More then a wilde exposture, to each chance  
That start's i'th way before thee.

*Corio.* O the Gods!

*Com.* He follow thee a Moneth, deuise with thee  
Where thou shalt rest, that thou may'st heare of vs,  
And we of thee. So if the time thrust forth  
A cause for thy Repeale, we shall not send  
O're the vast world, to secke a single man,  
Alloose aduantage, which doth euer coole  
And presence of the needier.

*Corio.* Fare ye well:

Thou hast yes vpon thee, and thou art too full

Of the warres surfets, to go roue with one  
That's yet vnbruis'd: bring me but out at gate.  
Come my sweet wife, my dearest Mother, and  
My Friends of Noble touch: when I am forth,  
Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you come:  
While I remaine about the ground, you shall  
Heare from me still, and neuer of me oughe  
But what is like me formerly.

*Menen.* That's worthily  
As any eare can heare. Come, let's not weepe,  
If I could shake off but one seuen yeeres  
From these old armes and legges, by the good Gods  
I'd with thee, euery foot.

*Corio.* Give me thy hand, come.

*Enter the two Tribunes, Sicinius, and Brutus,  
with the Edile.* *Exeunt.*

*Sicin.* Bid them all home, he's gone: & wee'l no further,  
The Nobility are vexed, whom we see haue sided  
In his behalfe.

*Brut.* Now we haue shewne our power,  
Let vs seeme humbler after it is done,  
Then when it was a dooing.

*Sicin.* Bid them home: say their great enemy is gone,  
And they, stand in their ancient strength.

*Brut.* Dismiss them home. Here comes his Mother.  
*Enter Volumnia, Virgilia, and Menenius.*

*Sicin.* Let's not meet her.

*Brut.* Why?

*Sicin.* They say she's mad.

*Brut.* They haue rane note of vs: keepe on your way.

*Volum.* Oh yare well met:

Th'boorded plague a'th' Gods requit your loue.

*Menen.* Peace, peace, be not so loud.

*Volum.* If that I could for weeping, you should heare,  
Nay, and you shall heare some. Will you be gone?  
*Virg.* You shall stay too: I would I had the power  
To say so to my Husband.

*Sicin.* Are you mankinde?

*Volum.* I foole, is that a shame. Note but this Foole,  
Was not a man my Father? Had'st thou Foxship  
To banish him that strooke more blowes for Rome  
Then thou hast spoken words.

*Sicin.* Oh blessed Heaues!

*Volum.* Moe Noble blowes, then euer y wife words.  
And for Rome's good, He tell thee what: yet goe:  
Nay but thou shalt stay too: I would my Sonne  
Were in Arabia, and thy Tribe before him,  
His good Sword in his hand.

*Sicin.* What then?

*Virg.* What then? Hee'd make an end of thy posterity  
*Volum.* Bastards, and all.

Good man, the Wounds that he does beare for Rome!

*Menen.* Come, come, peace.

*Sicin.* I would he had continued to his Country  
As he began, and not vnknit himselfe  
The Noble knot he made.

*Brut.* I would he had.

*Volum.* I would he had? 'Twas you incens'd the rable.  
Cats, that can iudge as fely of his worth,  
As I can of those Mysteries which heauen  
Will not haue earth to know.

*Brut.* Pray let's go.

*Volum.* Now pray sir get you gone.  
You haue done a braue deede: Ere you go, heare this:  
As farre as doth the Capitoll exceede  
The meanest house in Rome; so farre my Sonne

This

This Ladies Husband heere; this (do you see)  
Whom you haue banish'd, does exceed you all.

*Brut.* Well, well, wee'l leaue you.

*Sicin.* Why stay we to be baited  
With one that wants her Wits. *Exit Tribunes.*

*Volum.* Take my Prayers with you.  
I would the Gods had nothing else to do,  
But to confirme my Curses. Could I meete 'em  
But once a day, it would vnclodge my heart  
Of what lyes heavy too't.

*Menen.* You haue told them home,  
And by my troth you haue cause: you'l Sup with me.

*Volum.* Angers my Meate: I suppe vpon my selfe,  
And so shall sterue with Feeding: Come, let's go,  
Leaue this faint-puling, and lament as I do,

In Anger, Iuno-like: Come, come, come. *Exeunt.*

*Menen.* Fie, fie, fie. *Exit.*

*Enter a Roman, and a Volce.*

*Rom.* I know you well sir, and you know mee: your  
name I thinke is *Adrian.*

*Volce.* It is so sir, truly I haue forgot you.

*Rom.* I am a Roman, and my Seruices are as you are,  
against 'em. Know you me yet.

*Volce.* *Nicanor*: no.

*Rom.* The same sir.

*Volce.* You had more Beard when I last saw you, but  
your Fauour is well appear'd by your Tongue. What's  
the Newes in Rome: I haue a Note from the Volcean  
state to finde you out there. You haue well faued mee a  
dayes iourney.

*Rom.* There hath bene in Rome strange Insurrections:  
The people, against the Senatours, Patricians, and  
Nobles.

*Vol.* Hath bin: is it ended then? Our State thinks not  
so, they are in a most warlike preparation, & hope to com  
upon them, in the heate of their diuision

*Rom.* The maine blaze of it is past, but a small thing  
would make it flame againe. For the Nobles receyue to  
heart, the Banishment of that worthy *Coriolanus*, that  
they are in a ripe aptnesse, to take al power from the peo  
ple, and to plucke from them their Tribunes for euer.  
This lyes glowing I can tell you, and is almost mature for  
the violent breaking out.

*Vol.* *Coriolanus* Banish't?

*Rom.* Banish'd sir.

*Vol.* You will be welcome with this intelligence *Ni  
canor.*

*Rom.* The day serues well for them now. I haue heard  
it saide, the fittest time to corrupt a mans Wife, is when  
shee's false out with her Husband. Your Noble *Tullus  
Aufidius* well appeare well in these Warres, his great  
Opposer *Coriolanus* being now in no request of his coun  
tre.

*Volce.* He cannot choose: I am most fortunate, this  
accidentally to encounter you. You haue ended my Bu  
sinesse, and I will merrily accompany you home.

*Rom.* I shall betwene this and Supper, tell you most  
strange things from Rome: all tending to the good of  
their Aduersaries. Haue you an Army ready say you?

*Vol.* A most Royall one: The Centurions, and their  
charges distinctly billeted already in th'entertainment,  
and to be on foot at an houres warning.

*Rom.* I am ioyfull to heare of their readinesse, and am  
the man I thinke, that shall set them in present Action. So  
sir, heartily well met, and most glad of your Company.

*Volce.* You take my part from me sir, I haue the most

cause to be glad of yours.

*Rom.* Well, let vs go together. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Coriolanus in meane Apparell, Dis  
guis'd, and muffled.*

*Corio.* A goodly City is this *Antium*. City,  
'Tis I that made thy Widdowes: Many an heyre  
Of these faire Edifices fore my Warres  
Haue I heard groane, and drop: Then know me not,  
Least that thy Wiues with Spits, and Boyes with Stones  
In puny Battell slay me. Saue you sir.

*Enter a Citizen.*

*Cit.* And you.

*Corio.* Direct me, if it be your will, where great *Auf  
idius* lies: Is he in *Antium*?

*Cit.* He is, and Feasts the Nobles of the State, at his  
house this night.

*Corio.* Which is his house, beseech you?

*Cit.* This heere before you.

*Corio.* Thanke you sir, farewell. *Exit Citizen*

Oh World, thy slippery turnes! Friends now fast sworn,  
Whose double bosomes seemes to weare one heart,  
Whose Houres, whose Bed, whose Meale and Exercise  
Are fill together: who Twin (as 'twere) in Loue,  
Vnseparable, shall within this houre,  
On a dissention of a Doir, breake out  
To bitterest Enmity: So tellst Foes,  
Whose Passions, and whose Plots haue broke their sleep  
To take the one the other, by some chance,  
Some trick not worth an Egge, shall grow deere friends  
And inter-ioyne their yssues. So with me,  
My Birth-place haue I, and my loues vpon  
This Enemie Towne: He enter, if he slay me  
He does faire Iustice: if he giue me way,  
He do his Country Service. *Exit.*

*Musicke plays. Enter a Seruingman.*

1 Ser. Wine, Wine, Wine: What seruice is heere? I  
thinke our Fellowes are asleepe.

*Enter another Seruingman.*

2 Ser. Where's *Cotus*: my M. calls for him: *Cotus.* *Exit.*  
*Enter Coriolanus.*

*Corio.* A goodly House:  
The Feast smells well: but I appeare not like a Guest.

*Enter the first Seruingman.*

1 Ser. What would you haue Friend? whence are you?  
Here's no place for you: Pray go to the doore? *Exit*

*Corio.* I haue deseru'd no better entertainment, in be  
ing *Coriolanus.* *Enter second Seruingman.*

2 Ser. Whence are you sir? Ha's the Porter his eyes in  
his head, that he giues entrance to such Companions?  
Pray get you out.

*Corio.* Away.

2 Ser. Away? Get you away.

*Corio.* Now th'art troublesome.

2 Ser. Are you so braue: He haue you talkt with anon  
*Enter 3 Seruingman, the 1 meets him.*

3 What Fellowes this?

1 A strange one as euer I look'd on: I cannot get him  
out o'th' house: Prythee call my Master to him.

3 What haue you to do here fellow? Pray you auoid  
the house.

*Corio.* Let me but stand, I will not hurt your Harth.

3 What are you?

*Corio.* A Gentleman.

3 A marvellous poore one.

*Corio.* True, so I am.

3 Pray you poore Gentleman, take vp some other sta  
tion,